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POETRY.

From Graham's Magazine.
To Fanny H—
BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Careless maiden, careless smiling,
Tossing back thy raven hair,
Guileless thou, though all beguiling,
Scarcely conscious thou art fair.

Playful words with music ringing,
Lightly falling from thy tongue—
Snatches of old minstrels singing,
Telling that the heart is young—

Flashing now thy radiant eyes
Liquid with the light of youth,
Stealing gladness from the skies
Only known to souls of truth.

Maiden, on thy heart hereafter
Will a holier spell be wrought,
That shall mellow down thy laughter,
Deepen every inmost thought.

Then thine eye shall drop in sadness,
Shielding thus the fount within—
Hope, how speaking in its gladness,
Then shall be to fear skin.

And a spell shall be around thee—
Love thy spirit shall control—
Yet rejoice when it hath bound thee—
Love creates for thee a Soul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PRETTY FEET; OR, A WAY TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KID," AND THE
"QUADRONE."

Faultless in shape were both her beautiful feet
As Eve's when freshly taken from their virgin
mould,
Rose tinted, delicately blue-veined, with nails
Of blushing pearls.

A hundred nameless charms and untold beauties
Couch'd in the dimpled instep—bewitching hollow!
O'er all the line of beauty, undulating soft,
Evanish'd in grace!—Joseph Holt.

One afternoon, after dinner, two young
gentlemen were seated in a private and luxu-
riously furnished apartment, at the Carlton
House. The deep folds of the curtains were
dropped across the windows, and the light of
the western sun passing through them
diffused a rich mellow glow throughout the
room. One of the gentlemen occupied a
sofa, lolled at full length, and the other
was comfortably seated in a softly cushioned
arm-chair of velvet. They were both smok-
ing, one a slender clay pipe filled with
fragrant Scarfatti, the other a bright brown
Regalia! A decanter of the richest Sherry,
such as Mr. Henry Hodges loves to give his
particular friends, with an unopened bottle
of Steinberger, and a corkscrew stood on a
marble table within their reach.

On the opposite side of the table, where
they had just replaced them, were wine
glasses half filled with the amethystine nec-
tar, and glowing in the warm rich light from
the curtains. Every thing around them
looked comfortable, and they appeared like
gentlemen who particularly love to take
their ease after dinner. The individual on
the sofa was a very elegant fellow in a hand-
some dressing-gown, with soft brown hair
waving to his collar, and a pair of dark
whiskers arranged with great taste. His
complexion was that dark-pearly hue, ming-
led with an agreeable red so common to
New York gentlemen, being smooth and
delicate, yet healthy. His cheek was now a
little flushed, and his dark hazel eyes
brighter, and his lips redder than their wont.
He was about twenty-six years of age, his
name was Lionel Linton, and he was of
good family and had very respectable con-
nections. He was unmarried, and having at
his annual disposal an income of three
thousand dollars, he had no profession, but
lived in idle, indolent, fashionable life. He
had every quality, however, calculated to
make any reasonable woman a happy hus-
band, being domestically inclined, good
tempered, of an easy, amiable disposition,
and frank and generous to a fault. He had
good sense and judgment, and he had just
began to feel that he was wasting life with-
out having accomplished any adequate end
for the gift of it, either for his own honor or
the benefit of mankind! In fine he felt that
he must get married! He had, therefore,
been several months looking out for a wife,
and had already seen in Broadway a young
lady of great personal attractions, whom he
half resolved to make his wife if she would
consent to be his. He had not, however,
even spoken with her nor did he know who
she was; that she was highly respectable,
he was aware from having seen her walking
in company with ladies whom he knew to
belong to the highest condition in society! Such
was the state and crisis of Lionel Lin-
ton's matrimonial prospects at the period of
our story; and, now, as he reclined there
smoking, he could not help thinking how
much prettier object a sweet bride would be
seated, sewing or reading opposite to him in
the place of his friend of the pipe, to look at!

The young gentleman on the other side
of the table, who had suggested this sensi-
ble reflection, was named Henry Lee, by
the clergyman who christened him at Grace

Church, but irreverent laymen invariably
called him Harry Lee. He was a short,
joyous looking young gentleman of about
twenty-five, with a jovial round face, a bright
twinkling blue eye, short curly brown hair,
beautifully white teeth and a hand like a
lady's for fairness, though something fat, for
his whole person was inclined to corpulen-
cy, his abdomen already beginning to aspire
to aldermanic dignity. He had his coat off
and was in his shirt sleeves; his head was
thrown back in an attitude of narcotic felici-
ty as he puffed at his pipe; his short feet
were stuck up, parallel to each other, over
the back of a chair in front of him; his long
pipe stem was supported delicately between a
thumb and finger, and his whole attitude
was one of fleshly luxury! Like his friend
Lionel, he was a bachelor sojourner at the
Carlton, and the recipient of something less
than three thousand dollars per annum from
an incumbered estate left him by his grand-
father, who had been an influential burgher
in the olden days of the city. He was a
good natured, 'whole-souled fellow,' always
smiling and looking like a happy dog; al-
ways mellow after dinner, and very fond of
kicking up rows and knocking down 'Char-
lies,' but all in good nature, for he was, as
every one of his friends whom he lent money
to swore, one of 'the best natured fellows
in the world!' He had remained a bache-
lor because he could never find a woman
that had a foot to please his fastidious eye!
Harry's notions of female perfection were
peculiar. He always judged woman by the
shape and symmetry of her foot; it was with
him literally *ex pede Hercules!* If he had
a passion for any thing besides tipping over
'Charlies,' and for a good glass of brown
Sherry, it was for a neat and faultless female
foot! His glance as he would promenade
that 'Walk of Beauty,' Broadway, was always
directed to the feet of the pretty women,
their walk and manner of placing the foot
to the pavement. He has been heard to
deliver a lecture by the hour, after dinner,
on a lady's foot! If Harry, therefore, ever
chose a wife he would be sure to select her
rather for a divine foot than a divine face.
But, though tired of living at hotels and be-
ing alone so much in his rooms, and anxious
to get a wife, he had never yet found any
one to suit him!

'I say, my dear boy,' he said, after a long
and reflecting silence, and without removing
the stem of his pipe from his lips, or turning
his head; 'I say, Linton, I have been think-
ing we are a brace of precious fools.'

'So have I just been thinking the same
thing, Harry,' replied Lionel, emitting from
his mouth a wreath of rich blue tobacco
smoke and sending it curling above his
head. 'But what has brought you to this
conclusion?'

'Thinking what a poor devil's life I lead
here when there is some lovely creature, if I
knew where to find her, with a foot like an
angel, stepping on rosy clouds, ready to
make me a happy fellow! Only think how
charming it would be to have a pretty wife
sitting beside me to fill my pipe, and two
or three sweet little cherubs of boys and
girls to ride across my legs as I have 'em
stretched across the chair, and call me 'Pa-
pa!' What led you, Linton, to say 'Amen'
to it so readily, hey?'

'Thinking of pretty much the same thing,
to tell the truth,' said Lionel Linton, color-
ing and laughing. 'I am half of a mind,
Harry, to turn Benedict in good earnest;'
and the handsome Lionel Linton smoked
his cigar for a few puffs with more animation
than before.

'Yes, Linton,' said Harry, taking out his
pipe from his mouth and pricking the bowl,
'that is very easily said; but where in the
deuce is the wife to come from?'

'There are hundreds of beautiful women
in New York of our acquaintance; we could
soon pick out a good wife, Harry, if we
would only make up our minds to marry!'

'But a beautiful woman is one thing, and
a beautiful woman with a pretty foot is an-
other. I always find something deficient!'

'But we must not look for physical per-
fection in the sex, Harry. I am satisfied
with a lovely face and figure, which is the
casket of a good heart and generous mind;
I can forgive a woman who possesses these,
if she should happen to wear No. 3's.'

'Number three!' exclaimed Harry, 'I
wouldn't look at a woman who wore number
threes, in seeking for a wife! Number one
in summer—No. 1 1/2 in winter is my stand-
ard of perfection! Number three!'

'But number threes may be in just propor-
tion nevertheless to the lady's figure, if she
be tall and noble sized! I have seen ladies
with too small feet for their size, and it was
a glaring deformity!'

'That may be, too, Linton! What I want
is a wife whose person shall be moulded in
the divinest mould of female symmetry: a
just hand and foot; a just height and propor-
tion to the charming whole! But I would
not marry a girl with a face like an angel

and with a form like Juno's if she wore
number threes!'

'Then you want a *petite* wife, that you
can tuck under your arm like an umbrella.'

'No, not that! A woman may be a warm
and living *Venus de Medici*, and wear no
larger shoe than a French number one! I
have measured the foot of the *Venus*, and
found it exactly *ones*. And would you call
a girl the size and proportions of a *Venus
de Medici* a *petite*, to be tucked under my
arm like an umbrella? Harry in the heat of
his argument had turned round full to Lin-
ton, who could not help smiling at his earnest
manner.

'Well, well, Harry, you may marry for the
foot, and I will marry for the face and its
expression!'

'Expression!' repeated Harry; 'why my
dear fellow, there is as much expression in
a woman's foot as in her face!'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Linton; 'you are
fairly crazy upon the subject, my dear fellow!'
'It is true,' repeated Harry, drinking off
his glass of Sherry, and gravely setting down
the glass; 'will you deny there is expression
in forms?'

'How do you mean?'

'An outline and shape, for instance, is
there no expression in a profile?'

'To be sure.'

'Is there any in a forehead—in its mere
outline?'

'I think there is.'

'Think! I know there is! Painters and
sculptors will tell you there is. Did you
ever see Webster's forehead, or Charles
Sprague's?'

'Yes.'

'Well, will you say that there is no indi-
viduality of expression in these features?'

'I think I understand you.'

'How can you help it? Form that has
life in it possesses individual expression—
has its own *proprium*. Have you never seen
a man's hand that expressed the character
of the man?'

'No.'

'Yes, you have, but have not regarded it
at the time. Have you never seen a hand
that you could say of it, 'this is the hand of
an assassin—this of an avaricious man—this
of a benevolent man?'

'This is a strange theory, Harry. Did you
find it in the floating smoke of your Scarfa-
tti, or discover it in the bottom of your
emptied wine glass?'

'Nature and truth taught it me, and they
teach it to every man who will learn of them.
I contend that there is infinite expression
in a woman's foot! A perfect foot, neat,
shapely, airy and daintily turned, has an ex-
pression to my mind identical with that
which constitutes our abstract ideas of beau-
ty! The character of the woman is discov-
ered by it—for the outline and outward
grace of the body is the index of the being
that dwells in it. No low, coarse or vulgar
woman could have such a foot as I describe,
for such a foot could never express to the
eye a self-contradiction.'

'Henry's Sherry has mounted you on the
top of metaphysics, Harry,' said Lionel,
laughing, yet half inclined to assent to the
truth of his doctrine on the female 'under-
standing.'

'You may believe what I say or not, Lin-
ton, but I am morally convinced of its truth!'
By Heaven, I would be willing to choose a
wife for her foot, without seeing her face!'

'You would, Harry?'

'I would, upon my honor.'

'Well, then, let us both decide this very
moment to marry and look out each for his
wife. I will choose mine for her face,' he
added gaily, 'if you will choose one for her
foot!'

'Done,' cried Harry getting up and grasp-
ing Linton's hand, 'and I will bet you I will
get the fairest wife.'

'Done be it,' said Linton, returning the
grasp of his hand, 'suppose Harry, we decide
to select one, you by the foot, I by the face,
this very afternoon! Broadway is now,
and will be for the next two hours, thronged
with the beauty of the city! If men who
are to select wives by the eye cannot choose
such a galaxy of loveliness, they deserve to
go blind.'

'But suppose we should find out after-
wards, on inquiry, that they were engaged?'
said Harry, a little posed by this extraordi-
nary proposition from his friend, who very
well knew he should meet the young lady
there whose beauty, as he daily passed her
at the hour of promenade, had made such
an impression upon him.

'In that case, Harry, we will both try a-
gain,' he answered gaily. 'Come let us
sally forth on our matrimonial expedition.'

'Agreed, Linton; I will bring myself to
the agreement,' said Harry with animation,
pouring out a glass of Sherry; 'let us toast
our future wives.'

Linton joined him and the toast was drank
standing. Harry now put on his frock coat
and the more finical Linton his dress coat,
while both paid more than their usual at-
tention after dinner, to their toilet.

'Now, Harry, we are to choose a wife this
afternoon, at all events, from some one we
saw between this and sunset—that is de-
cided!'

'De—de—decided,' repeated Harry, who
was just mellow enough to be very happy.
But s'pose Linton, s'pose she won't have us!
That would be a fix, hey?'

'That will of course absolve us from our
mutual pledge, Harry! I am resolved to have
a wife in earnest, if I can get one.'

'And if we don't, Linton, boy, let's ad-
vertise for—for—one—pretty foot, hey?'

'Come Harry; don't take any more wine!
You have got just enough to make you a
good judge of a pretty foot!'

'Have I, Linton? Well, I won't! But it's
a pity to leave such a nice bottle of Stein
wine for per—perquisites to that tip—tip-
pling waiter, Pete. Do I vibrate, Lint?'

'No, Harry; your legs are steady enough,
but your tongue is confoundedly drunk.'

'I will not p—pop the question, then,
if I see a p—pr—pretty foot, 'till it gets sober.'

'No; we are to follow, without attracting
particular observation, each our prize, until
we ascertain where she lives, and then de-
vise means to be introduced to her family;
and then hey for love and matrimony!' said
Linton with a little excitement in his man-
ner.

'The idea, Linton, between you and I, the
idea of marrying makes me feel weak about
the s—st—stomach!'

'Courage mon ami, *en avant!*' and the
two candidates for matrimony sallied forth
from their hotel arm in arm, and fell into the
mingling currents that flowed along the
western and fashionable *pave*.

Caroline Le Roy stood before her full-
length toilette-glass, surveying her lovely
person, which was tastefully arranged in a
rich walking-dress. A fashionable hat was
on her head, the snowy plumes of which as
they depended to her shoulder were mocked
by the brilliancy of the ermine throat and
cheek it delicately shaded! Her features
were of that lovely and softly rounded out-
line which is peculiar to American females
in their teens; and she was but nineteen.
Her eyes were blue, large and full of ten-
derness, with a serene, spiritual expression!
Her figure was tall and harmoniously grace-
ful, conveying in every motion that kind of
pleasure to the eye that harmony of numbers
does to the ear! Her beauty was faultless,
save the hand and foot! The first, though
covered by an unsullied pea-green glove of
the softest kid, was too large for the arm,
as if she had spread it, by the foolish plan in
vogue of placing girls at the piano before
they can clasp an *octave*, and so compelling
them to spread the fingers till the hand looks
webbed-like, like, we were about to say, a
shark's fin; in this manner had Caroline Le
Roy evidently disfigured and distorted her
hand! It was a great pity, for it was as
white as down, and veined on the back with
the most delicate pencilling of blue. But
she had not the same apology for her foot!
Now a large foot is very bad, but a foot
cramped into a shoe a number too small, is
worse still! A large foot cannot be helped,
but a pinched foot can! It plumps it up on
the top, destroying the easy outline; it
draws in the instep, spoiling the walk, and
is a source of ceaseless torment and pain to
the owner. Whatever size be the foot, let
its shoe neatly fit it, and then if it be not so
small, it at least will not be deformed!—
These observations are extracted from a
journal lately kept by Harry Lee.

Miss Virginia Le Roy glanced over her
costume and person with a look of satisfac-
tion; but her eyes did, for one instant, lin-
ger with disapproval on her foot, and she
sighed to think it was not a little smaller,
for she was one of those who look upon a
small foot as a mark of high aristocratic birth.
She took her sun-shade in her hand; and
leaving her door in Eighth-street, was a few
moments afterwards, on Broadway, wish-
ing—half hoping she should meet that hand-
some fellow in brown hair, who had so often
passed her with a respectful look of ardent,
yet modest admiration.

She had not gone far, when a young
graceful little Hebe, dressed half like a wo-
man, half like a school girl, about seventeen
years of age, came tripping towards her
from Bleeker street. A smile was on her
face, a light in her bright black eyes, and her
beautiful hand extended to take that of her
friend.

'How do you do, Virginia?'

'How do you do, Ellen?'

'And their lips met in a warm kiss of girlish
friendship.'

'Are you going down Broadway?'

'Yes, to Stewart's, for a mantle.'

'I was going to Madame Canda's, to call
on Julia Carroll; but, as it is early yet, I
will join you,' said the new comer, and the
two ladies proceeded down Broadway side
by side, in animated conversation. A
more *esprituelle* creature than
either could not be conceived to exist

on this lower earth. Her form was slight
yet full, and faultless to the eye of the most
fastidious! Her face was, however, not so
beautiful as it was sensible and intelligent!
Her extraordinary beauty lay in the grace
and expression of her figure. Her ungloved
hand, as she took Virginia Le Roy's, was
small, tapering, and white as the lily, and
seemingly as pure and soft in texture. Her
waist was enchantment! but her foot!—
Spirit and shade of Henry Lee! where wert
thou? It was divine—literally divine!—
How can such just perfection be described?
They were so small that you could compass
them across the instep; harmonious in all
their fascinating proportions and undulating
outline, with a bewitching movement as she
tripped along, like two sweet birds lighting
and alighting along the pavement! Their
expression was actually joyous, to speak after
Harry's theory. They were encased in a
pair of the prettiest French laced boots of a
delicate fawn color, that seemed to be part
and parcel of the graceful feet they covered.

'Where have you been for an age, Ellen?'

asked Caroline, glancing at her feet, with an
envious feeling in her heart.

'To Troy, for three months past. How
delighted I am to get back to the city. It
is so dull out of New York. Dear deligh-
tful Broadway! how happy I am to be in it
once more. Are you engaged yet to any
body, Caro?'

'Engaged, Ellen, why no?'

I suppose your favorite song, then is—

'Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?'

'What a rattle brain! I shan't think of
marrying till I am twenty.'

'And you are over nineteen now! I mean
to marry as soon as I find a good, clever,
nice, handsome, light hearted, good natu-
red fellow, who will let me do just as I
want to, and never scold me! There comes
two handsome young fellows! I don't like
the tall one—he looks too grave and mor-
bid! The shorter one looks like a merry
gentleman 'after dining out!' Why, how
you blush, Caroline—and how the tall hand-
some one stares at you! Did you ever see
him before? And, good Heavens, how the
other is watching my feet as he approaches.
I wonder if my foot is untied? Yes, I de-
clare it is, and the silk cord trailing in the
dust.'

By this time our matrimonial speculating
heroes had come up nearly abreast of them.
Lionel had recognised at a distance, one of
them as his unknown beauty, and Harry had
discovered the other to have the most sym-
metrical feet his imagination had ever con-
ceived of. Both gentlemen, therefore, in-
sensibly lessened their pace when they ap-
proached them, one with his admiring eyes
the while resting on the embarrassed yet
pleased Caroline's blushing face, the other
with his rapturous gaze fixed on the feet
that had fascinated it. They forgot to give
way to the young ladies, who fairly turned
aside for them, when they recovered their
self possession and looked back. Caroline,
also, at the same instant, glanced back, and
Ellen, stopping, placed her foot on the inner
curb-step of the walk that runs beneath the
windows, to fasten her boot. Harry was
just mellow enough to act from impulse, and
hastening towards her, asked with a smile,
and a polite bow, that from him was irresis-
tible, and which it was impossible to take
offence at,

'Will you allow me, miss, to fasten that
truant cord in the envious position to which
it seems so insensible?' and Harry grace-
fully bent on one knee.

Ellen looked at him, at the first instant,
gravely; but seeing how very modest and
civil his address was, and his words so com-
plimentary withal, she replaced the foot
which she had withdrawn from the stone to
make her retreat from him, and said laugh-
ingly,

'You may tie it if you please, sir—it is
very awkward to have one's boot or shoe un-
laced in the street.'

'Very,' replied Harry, entwining the silk-
en cord around the bewitching ankle, his
senses, however, so bewildered by the sight
and touch of so exquisite a foot, that he
worked very bunglingly.

'You must not press my foot, sir,' she said,
with a laugh and frown at the same time on
her face. 'There, sir, I am extremely obli-
ged to you,' she said archly, as Harry rose
to his feet. 'You can tie the boots very well,
and, rejoicing Caroline Le Roy, she tripped
on her way without looking back.

'Irony, there,' said Harry, looking after
her, 'but what a foot! Linton, I am in for
it. Did you see that divine foot? French
number ones.'

'Confound your number ones. Did you
see that heavenly face?'

'Confound your face. Did you observe
her symmetrical hand? hands and feet are
always of the same suit.'

'Did you notice her tall and graceful fig-
ure? face and figure always go together.'

'What a laugh!'